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THE LIBERAL PREACHERS OF AMERICA OUT OF THE PULPIT.

IX.

JOHN FISKE.

J. L. DUDLEY.

"By John Fiske, Assistant Librarian, and formerly Lecturer on Philosophy, at Harvard University."

Thus was announced, upon the title-page, the authorship of "Cosmic Philosophy," and the twin fact that a new star had appeared on the literary sky.

It is seldom that a young man, not yet past the age at which the majority are only ready to enter upon the work of a professional life, should, in a field of investigation requiring rare intellectual acumen and marked breadth of scholarly furnishing, win a recognition that gives him at once an honorable standing among the leading thinkers of two continents. Flashes of apparent genius or sporadic instances of precocity not unfrequently startle the world suddenly, to be forgotten as soon. But contributions to the literature of subjects of permanent value, questions that have enlisted the thinkers of all ages, lying at the foundations of institutions and conditioning the progress of mankind, are not looked for among the achievements of youth.

As we write these lines, thought hurries back to the time when we first knew young Fiske, a "spectacled" youth, in one of the most beautiful towns in the valley of the Connecticut, shy, observant, thoughtful, loving books, music, and his mother. The dawn in the mental sky was already discernible, and the "genesis" of those religious views whose "exodus" took him out of the Egypt of theology into the land of promise, had seen its "first day." It is this new-day brightness which marks all Mr. Fiske's writings as an "American Preacher Out of the Pulpit."

I remember that young Fiske, in connection with an enthusiastic associate, drew out the syllabus of a course of scientific and philosophic study which would have made the eyes of a Spencer or a Lubbock dance with prophetic joy. In these pre-collegiate days, this candidate for "orders" outside the pulpit had collected a library that, even then, could well put to shame the "regular" incumbents.

While yet an under-graduate—a sophomore, I think—at Harvard, Fiske wrote a criticism on "Buckle's History of Civilization," that so far arrested the attention of the now lamented author that he wrote to this country to ascertain who might be the writer of the article. He would do this kind of thing as a literary diversion, read Kant, reconstruct Cousin, or run a *reductio ad absurdum* on Hegel.

As a post-graduate study, Mr. Fiske took Law, and went on to his LL. B., to be, at least in the minds of his friends, a "lawyer." But this was working a right-hand screw in a left-hand nut. While, as a matter of philosophic investigation, the jurisprudence of a Story, Blackstone, Maine or Puffendorf was intensely interesting, codes and pleadings and courts and cases were intolerable "bores." This was not the life that awaited the author of "Cosmic Philosophy."

It was in 1869 that the government of Harvard selected John Fiske as Lecturer on Philosophy in the "University Course," six years after graduation. These lectures make the foundation of his work, in two octavo volumes, on what he entitles "Cosmic Philosophy," the force of which characterization will be perceived and appreciated by all students of philosophy, as especially pertinent to the present needs of philosophic inquiry.

Formal criticism of this elaborate work is not, of course, within the purview of this paper; and yet, as a rational preacher outside the pulpit, Mr. Fiske is to be classified. We find that he is no "Positivist," that is, in the Comtean sense. While giving due credit to that earnest and able writer, he dissents, fundamentally, from Comte's system. Standing squarely on the doctrine of evolution, as the underlying law and method of things, as the Cosmic conception of the organic continuity and unfoldment of the universe, he builds up his philosophy of the matter, *ab initio ad finem*, into one harmonic totality, without break, lapse, fault or jar, including phenomena and noumena, known and unknown, matter and spirit, in one rhythmic whole. This is the Spencerian philosophy. Mr. Fiske stands forth as its interpreter, its avowed apostle. This made Mr. Joseph Cook right, for once at least, when he referred to "Harvard's brilliant Spence-

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rian." Postulating directly the "Supreme Power" back of all phenomena, accepting with the known its supplemental implications, holding the transcendence of thought, not in definition but in symbolic notation, Mr. Fiske parts company with Positivists, Materialists, Atheists, and intellectual Jacobins of all sorts, and stands loyal to the Nature of Things. He would build, and not demolish, interpret, not originate a "Cosmos."

Touching the relations of Philosophy to Religion, our Preacher is most admirable. There is a comprehensive grasp of the subject, a rationality and reverence in spirit and method of treatment, that is truly refreshing, especially in contrast with much of the cheap, one-eyed "radicalism" of the day, as superficial as it is flippant and tedious. The scoffer and iconoclast never appear in this outside apostle. Institutions are good for their time and place. The footsteps of the present are traceable in all the past. To-day holds the embryo of to-morrow. Fetichism once helped men up when they were lower than it; all the more pity that men should go down to make theology of it for to-day.

Matters purely speculative are always open questions, but it would seem that the last half-dozen chapters in vol. ii. of Cosmic Philosophy must commend themselves to every candid mind, especially the last three. The chapter on "Matter and Spirit" is above all praise for the admirable putting of the whole thing. For fine analysis, clear discrimination, and luminous "clearing up" of much in the false and confused notions that have gathered about the subject, I know of nothing more valuable. It would make a valuable "tract for the times."

The closing chapter on the "Attitude of Philosophy," is worthy of being printed and put into the pews in all the churches. Standing upon the heights of philosophic vision, clear of the mists and refracting vapors of sectarianism, taking a calm survey of the whole region whence the summit has been reached, our author gives us the outlook of a true seer. Radical enough to be truly conservative, conservative in a sense that justifies legitimate radicalism, our Cosmist, with a right to speak that comes only from a surrender to the authority of universal and infallible Law, stands as a Herald Preacher between a retiring and an incoming dispensation of thought. He speaks not to destroy, but to fulfil; presides at the altar of new nuptials, wherein Science and Religion are made one. "The religious sense is primarily based upon aspiration, the noblest which any creature can entertain." "It is not my aim," he says, "to propound a complete theory of religion, or to prepare the way for the inauguration of a new religious system, but simply to show that it is in the power of Science, without proving recreant to its own methods, to maintain every one of the fundamental truths that give to Religion its permanent value." While no provincialist among the great Religions of time, yielding exclusive allegiance to neither ethnic, local, nor dialectic restrictions, Mr. Fiske never fails in his reverence toward Christianity, or to assign it its true position, even that of pre-eminence, in his Cosmic scale of religious development. He is no "anti-Christian." "The religious attitude of our scientific philosophy seems to be absolutely identical with the religious attitude of Christianity. It is not merely that we refuse to attack Christianity because we recognize its adaptation to a certain stage of culture, not yet passed by the average minds of community; it is that we still regard it as, in the deepest sense, our own religion." The sharp distinction between Religion and Theology is everywhere apparent. Religion is enthroned among the permanent, supreme Powers, while theology is assigned to that mutable order of things wherein we trace the progress of the world from a more to a less immature condition. "That which is fundamental in Christianity is not the mythologic superstratum, but the underlying principle." If Mr. Fiske has done nothing more in his "Cosmic Theism" than to help the religious world into the ability to "see that, while form after form has perished, the Life remains, incarnate in newer and higher forms," he will have disposed of one of the most hurtful paradoxes in religious conceptions, and so have laid the world under obligations to his "apostleship." He who holds that general theory of life which impels him to say, "We can look, for the realization of our highest social ideal, only to the perfecting of individual character under the conditions at the time existing," may be trusted to sit, even with the casting vote, among the councillors who deliberate in the "parliament of man."

It is customary, in certain quarters, to designate such writers as Prof. Fiske by such complimentary epithets as "Atheist," "Infidel," "Materialist," "Iconoclast," etc., the major, minor, and conclusion, in the amenities of the super-saintly syllogism. And yet, who of all the carping crowd has brought ampler furnishing, or a better spirit, to the discussion of the great matters in hand, than this outside preacher? Who of them has struck lines of argument more essential, or constructed for God, Religion, Virtue, and the better Hopes of the World, a

discourse that takes a firmer hold of the things that are the same "yesterday, to-day and forever"?

Bigotry is old, but going to seed rapidly. Its inter-breeding has been so persistent, in all the past, that its increasing sterility is among the hopeful signs of the times. Everything has its uses, and men are to be judged by their circumstances. This is the Divine law. None are so able to understand this, and, therefore, to "pray for them that persecute and despitefully use them," as those whose religion is philosophic enough to enable them to see that "all things work together for good," in the Divine logic of Love.

The literary industry of our Cosmic preacher is by no means confined to theses philosophic. In the field of general history there is no student, probably, among us, more richly proficient than John Fiske. Many of his critical essays show this. Some of his monographs on Jesus, and matters kindred to the specialties of Christian history, would do honor to experts in those lines. Occupying, as *locum tenens*, the chair of History for a space in Harvard University, he kindled at once in his classes the fire of enthusiasm. At this present writing, Prof. Fiske is in England, at the invitation of Prof. Huxley, to deliver a course of lectures on American History. His duodecimo volume, entitled "The Unseen World," a collection of papers from Reviews and other sources, is fraught with evidences of the range and versatility of his intellectual competence.

We are speaking, in these papers, of "American Preachers Outside the Pulpit." Would that they were inside. What the American Pulpit asks for, and what it is rich in the lack of, is broad, general culture. Its poverty in those things of the Divine Kingdom, wherein the outside preachers are making the world rich, comes from the stint of technical training. Let the gospel of these preachers—the evangel of men like Bryant, Whittier, Emerson, Mueller, Draper, Fiske, Tyndall, Pierce, and their *confreres*—be allowed to supplement the faith and reverence of the traditional pulpit, and the broken kingdom of God is made whole.

We look for better discourse from this young preacher than he has yet furnished. Thirty-five is only on into the thrifty summer growth of the intellectual man's life. There never was a time, unless it were immediately after the Reformation, in which "Cosmic" preachers were so much needed as at this time, now. The breezes of heaven are ready to fill the sails for the advance voyage whenever the true "tack" is struck. The world of mind and heart is waiting for the word of command, and those who have it may not be silent. The power of thought, the rising tides of intelligence, have shattered the old rafts of the still waters, and the posterity of the spiritual "Noahs" are all afloat. Who shall throw a line? and where are the re-constructers! Not among the Positivists, whose charts limn nothing out of sight of land; not among the Dogmatists, whose lines are all short, and it is their rotten timbers that are now breaking up; not among the iconoclasts, for they can only scuttle the crafts of other people—playing the wrecker, without genius to build for themselves; not to the would-be Reformers can we look, who "chip" the "binnacle," and then court the storm; but to the masters of all weather, who sail by the stars, and consent to tread no bottoms whose keels are not laid in the "nature of things." The helm awaits their hand, the oak and iron their architectural genius.

It is a pleasant reflection that the discussion of Religious and Theological questions is already beyond the monopoly of the traditional pulpit. Once plainly within the jurisdiction of Literature, Science and Philosophy, their harmony, with all other truth, from dust to star, from the feeblest "shock" of psychic life to the "Infinite" Power Eternal and Inscrutable, may be conceded. To the missionary labors of these outside preachers the world's coming peace will owe grateful ascriptions. When ecclesiastical tribunals awake to the fact that the living priesthood of the hour, the ordained "messengers" who are "called" to lead, mould and determine the religious convictions of mankind henceforth, are not "insiders," but saintly, brave and inspirational "outsiders," pulpits and churches and the "jail-keepers" of faith may well take unto themselves the old cry of despair, "What shall we do to be saved?"

The reverent and passionate wonder of the old Hebrew soul exclaimed, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord, God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints." Down the history of man flow two streams, not parallel but converging. On the one are borne the voyagers with banners bearing the inscriptions of Nature, Law, Mind, Truth; on the other, Reverence, Worship, Heart, Love. Already, these two streams are exchanging salutations across the "narrow neck of land." Rapidly are they nearing each other, and destined to become *one:* one in end, as their source is ONE.

Such, in similitude, is the unity for man, Cosmic Philosophy and Cosmic Religion.

THE GROWTH OF DOCTRINE; OR, THE OLD-NEW CREED.

IX.

IMMORTALITY.

C. F. DOLE.

The hope of immortality is not, as has sometimes been hastily said, an unpractical subject, apart from our actual life. But it is forced upon us constantly by the fact of death. The question cannot be put down which rises every time a life goes out, What has become of it? The same question faces every thoughtful mind which recognizes the strange and perilous vicissitudes amidst which we move like soldiers under deadly fire. Who has never felt the power of the thought that by and by his turn shall come like all the generations before him? Besides, life both in thought and action is more or less colored by the answer made to the question which death raises. The man who believes that death ends all, cannot be the same man, and cannot therefore behave the same as the man who really hopes for an endless life. Neither is it death only which raises our question. Perhaps life raises it quite as often, as now and then we are forced to wonder what it all means, or what good there is in living.

But sometimes these natural questions take an almost painful interest. When the dearest friends have been cut away from our side, when in losses, misfortunes and disappointments, the brightness of this present existence is clouded, or when in physical weariness, depression or illness our own life may chance to look hard and the end seems to threaten,- at such times, not the worst so much as the best of men long to know what is beyond. Have they a right, and what right have they, to hope for continued life? "Give us some proofs, assure us," their souls cry. And sometimes I suspect men almost shrink from speaking their doubts. They seem to fear that the ground of hope will prove less than they thought.

There are those who say that such hopes and fears are selfish; but this is only partially true. The hope of immortality is often quite as strong for others, sake as for one's own, and it has the closest connection with the disinterested part of our nature, with our loves and sympathies, with our zeal for truth, with our loyalty to duty. In the noblest men, the wish for life is one with the wish to do good.

It is also said by some, that immortality consists in the influence which we exert after we are gone. That is, it is impersonal. But whatever may be said of the value of such impersonal influence, it is playing with words to call it immortality. Indeed, it is difficult to see how, by and by, in the old age of the race, there could be any posthumous influence. No! Let us call things by their right names. When we hope for immortality, we mean *life*, and we mean some kind of *personal* life. If now there is reality, as I believe there is, in our hope of immortality, I have no kind of dread that men can ever lose it, or hurt it, or lest they should ask too many questions about it; and surely, if it did not have reality, it could be no one's duty, nor would it be within any one's power, to sustain it.

I am not even afraid lest I state the case for our hope weaker than it really is, and grant too many objections against it, because no cause in this world is worth looking at which cannot afford to be understated. Let me say then in the first place that immortality does not profess to be anything else than a hope. However strong and reasonable it may prove, it remains *hope* still. Even Paul says as much. "Hope that is seen," he says, "is not hope." You can find few intelligent persons of any religion who are able to be uniformly certain of immortality. There can be no absolute proof of it. We all, with our various degrees of assurance, do not know, but hope. This is a fact of common experience.

Moreover, the difficulties of our *realizing* a future life are insurmountable. This follows from the nature of the human mind. We can only realize the like of what we have already experienced. As some one has well suggested, if in some possible former existence we could have been told of this, we should have been unable to comprehend it; neither could it have done us any good. Indeed our inability to realize a future life, leaves our hope of it so much the larger and grander, for what is realized is so far circumscribed.

But perhaps the greatest skepticism in regard to immortality has proceeded from the teachings, of physical science. On the mechanical or physical side of our lives, there is little or nothing to promise a future existence. Neither do the analogies from nature, such as the chrysalis and the butterfly, serve any just purpose of persuasion. I see no reason indeed to expect that the physical side should afford arguments and promise for what confessedly is a question which belongs to the opposite side of our lives.

But I want you to notice that these difficulties which mass themselves whenever we think of our perishable bodies, are nothing new. Paul, Plato and all the ancient philosophers, though they did not know about the gray tissues of the brain, had the same unanswerable problem before them whenever they saw the face of the dead. What was the soul *apart* from the body? What thought or life could there be, and how, after the vital breath was gone? The fact is, on the physical side, from the sort of study they make in the dissecting room, the continuance of thought and consciousness after death seems an utter impossibility. But it holds equally true, from that same mechanical side, that the actual *existence* of thought and consciousness is more startlingly inexplicable than any miracle ever related. The power which has brought about *thought*, who shall dare to put limits to the possibilities within its mysterious hands?

I have said enough now to indicate on what side alone the reasons lie which impress on us a hope in immortal life. They belong on the spiritual side of our lives. After the material side has been thoroughly studied and taken to pieces, and all its curious parts and processes named, you stand at

the mere threshold of man's real life. Our bodies are only the wonderful instruments through which the higher and utterly dissimilar facts of thought and consciousness are revealed.

In the child who sleeps in his cradle, there is something which approaches omnipresence. To his thought by and by this great world shall seem small—a mere tiny speck—compared with the distances which study, imagination or fancy shall carry him. Sleeping child that he is, he has it in him to hold the earth as it bounds on its course in his grasp. The capacities and possibilities in human thought are constantly exciting your wonder. They stretch out toward the infinite. They cannot tolerate limits. They start all sorts of questions. They seem too big for this life and this world, and though they give no definite answer to the questions and longings which they raise, they inevitably leave you looking upward and onward. The best intellect which ever was seen, the mind of an Aristotle or a Newton, seems to itself like a child gathering pebbles by the side of an infinite sea. But it is not the pebbles, it is the sea for which the mind longs. As you rise from the lower study of physical structure to facts such as these, you seem to be looking at things on a different plane, and from a new and higher point of view.

Now look at another and a higher class of facts. I mean the moral sentiments. Here in a world where might would seem, at first sight, and on the lower and physical plane, to make right, and where the ruling instinct seems to be to look out each one for himself, notwithstanding there lies dormant at least in every man's soul a certainty of the eternal obligation of justice and right. You are told that it is better to lose the accumulations of years than to keep them with dishonor, that it is better to die outright than to save life by cowardice, and something in you answers more or less stoutly to every word of the sort which is said. I know that some claim to trace how this moral sense in us has grown, and the study is interesting, but no such study, even if it were able to fathom the mystery which it proposes, regards the facts of the case, or is thorough, which does not find the wonder increase at this mighty, priceless and beautiful instinct of conscience or duty.

Another class of facts are still closer to the subject. They are the sentiments of love, loyalty, patriotism, friendship, disinterestedness, those sentiments which bind us together. Though sentiments, they are none the less marvelous, impressive or real. Without them, life would not be worth living. We are made to believe them eternal; tasting their own fine essence, we seem ourselves to enter into their immortal quality; for their sakes we count the worst evils—pain, care, reproach—glorious. A short life, a costly and toilsome life, a long life of suffering, we call gain, if only it has learned and won the prize of real friendship, loyalty or love This is the way we are made, to know that a little love is worth all the gains of a life time! Do I need to say that no one of us measures the significance of this fact to point our eyes upwards and widen our view towards the open blue sky of God?

There is another similar fact which always impresses me. It is the love or loyalty to truth which is planted in us. There are plenty of people who, with regard to this very hope of immortality, stand ready if need be to sacrifice it with all that is sweet and bright which goes with it, on the holy altar of truth. They love truth more than they love happiness or their own life. Does it not look as though that *something* in us which thus bows before the sight of eternal truth, must partake itself of the eternal quality which it worships? As we stand in the presence of such a fact in our nature as this, I suspect we stand very near to the presence of God.

Let us think now for a moment of the religious sentiments. We will grant all that any one asks of the superstition and degradation under which religion has frequently shown itself, and yet at the worst, there was something in man which bade him *look upwards*, though only in dread and fear. It is easy also to trace a natural course of development in the religious sensibilities. But when this has been done as successfully as possible, and the actual facts present themselves, which have somehow at last come to be—when you ever experience the sense of awe which attends the soul at the thought of the infinite power above it, if ever in loneliness or in distress, you long after a sure, strong and infinite love, when you feel compelled to communion and prayer, or if you have tried what it is to rest upon and trust in a divine care, or even if you have only as much as *seen* those whose religious faith rested them, and whose genuine aspirations towards God lifted their lives, or if you have felt enough human sympathy to enter into men's worship—in any or all of these ways the grand fact, more and more commonly recognized, impresses itself of the *religious* side of man's nature, craving sustenance and growth.

Nothing has ever shown the sign of touching or hurting it. It is a part of man's life. You may be sure that it has some deep significance, and it seems to point you upwards to some reality which meets and answers it. As there is a hunger of the body which points to its proper food, so this higher hunger seems to point the way to what shall satisfy it.

Take the hope of immortality itself. That man should have caught the idea of life for himself for ever, is something sublime. The simple fact that the hope lives on age after age, and bursts out ever and anon just when superficially it might have seemed to be lost, is almost enough to serve as a kind of prophecy of the reality under it.

I sum up these things when I point out the fact how human life in every respect has an upward significance. The body serves mind and thought; mind and thought serve goodness, truth and love; and these in turn point on to faith and hope. Life is only a hopeless chaos till you catch the sight of this majestic, upward drift of things.

Human history is full of examples to illustrate what we have been saying. In every land of which we know, acts of courage, patriotism, integrity, mag-

nanimity, truthfulness, forgiveness are related. What we read the past for is largely for these things. In every neighborhood deeds are done and sufferings are borne daily which make us believe in the spiritual or divine side of human nature. You and I know men and women about us whose fidelity, disinterestedness and heroism point us upwards. When we see people whose convictions of duty cost them work and pain; when we see those whose love involves sacrifice; whenever we see an instance of genuine religion (would to God they were more!) these things stir our hope and make us surer of some grand and divine significance to our lives. Now and then some one dies in whose life there has been present all that is most winning and beautiful, to whom no hard or painful blow had ever had power to do harm; the years have brought deeper lessons of gladness and truth to the very end; thus all things have seemed to work together for the good of that friend. And as we look on the face of the dead, we are apt to say, "Surely death cannot have harmed one whom nothing has yet harmed." Surely, we say, that which was spiritual was above the power of that which is only physical.

Many a great life long since gone thus stirs us to hope. Quite above all the range of the difficulties and objections which present themselves on the material side, stand the facts of these lives bidding us look upwards. True, the perishable bodies have ceased from our sight, but what made the actual lives of the prophets, the law-givers, the benefactors, the kings and the priests of the kingdom of God, was their trust, their love, their patience, their purity, for the winning of which they gave all that they possessed.

We naturally think in this connection of the life of Jesus. There are two ways in which men say it speaks to them of immortality. One way is through the historical argument. There was one, we are told, who, long ago, sent as a messenger of God, having died on the cross, rose again from the dead. Far be it from any of us rudely to take away from any soul whatever help seems to come from this quite materialistic kind of argument. But something else about Jesus impresses us more, and that sort of proof could never even endure, were it not for this greater fact. I mean the undisputed fact of Jesus' spirit, teachings and life. Here was a life whose course lay quite above the merely physical, above the winning and getting of wealth, above what the individual is apt to seek for himself, and who stood as a master talking of love and goodness; and when that life went out the gate of death, it was simply impossible, for men who had known him, to believe that he really was dead. It may never be easy to tell just what happened to the disciples to give rise to so firm a belief in the bodily resurrection of Jesus. The prepossessions, whether correct or otherwise, which men bring to this question will invariably influence their opinion of the testimony. It is very difficult for our modern minds to make the ancient and literal teaching of the church on this subject seem harmonious with truth. The proof with which many satisfy themselves of the supposed fact of Jesus' resurrection can hardly at best be adequate ground, as some superficially would make it, for man's belief in immortality. Indeed, it is unreasonable to think that so large a hope, concerning the very essence of human nature, should be made to rest upon a single event in history. The hope of immortality is the real subject of interest; the resurrection is a side issue by comparison. But the main fact remains by which Jesus' life always will help the world's faith, viz: that he showed the likeness of the immortal life, that he revealed the eternal qualities which constitute it.

I believe you will have seen now the drift of my thought. There are two points of view from which our subject is considered. From one, we look at man as an animal; we study his framework; we consider his passions, his selfishness, his vices; we see the mass of stupidity, ignorance and sensuality. On this side we neither see nor expect to see any immortality. From the other point of view, we see a being who thinks, who is bound by laws of duty, who loves, who scorns pains and losses, who is fearless of death, who bows in worship, whose soul is stirred by sympathy, by poetry, by music, by reverence, who is lifted by aspirations, who is seized by the power of infinite ideals. Through human nature at its lowest and worst, we see the fine golden thread running which draws us all upwards to God. Over the hosts of common and careless lives, we see the heads of those who have been the world's scholars, sages, poets, prophets, martyrs, saviors. From this higher point of view the large proportions of things appear to us, we feel another atmosphere about us, and we hope, because, when we thus look upward, we cannot help hoping. It is as natural to hope as to breathe.

I have to say here, also, that the hope of immortality and the trust or belief in God go closely and fitly together. Less and less do we try or care to prove the fact of God, but certain things, such as I have been describing—the marvelous facts of the world, demanding adequate cause for themselves—the mystery of human nature, reaching upwards as if to its author—the trend of human destiny as if under rule towards goodness and love—these things impress the fact of God on our souls. On the lower side we see facts which bespeak force and law. On the higher side, with grander facts facing us, we are bound to say *God*, and we see what it means to say *Our Father*. And whenever we say God or Our Father, the door of the immortal hope stands open a little the wider.

I am well aware that I have not said all that I might say. Various considerations further will doubtless occur to many minds. Whatever other reasons any may have which impress them to hope, (and I believe there are many such arising often from the deepest experiences in their lives) these are the larger considerations on which all others rest. They all fall under one simple head, the fact of the higher, divine or spiritual side of human nature. Indeed, I have been careful to state only what might bear the closest scrutiny, and what

would be likely to grow more impressive the more one considers it.

But, so far, I have spoken only of the higher considerations through which we are impressed to believe. There is another point equally important. It is not enough that these considerations be real or impressive. It is also necessary that we, to whom they are presented, should have clear eyes to see them. I sometimes think I would like to find a *great* man, whose mind, sound and clear by nature, was thoroughly full, trained and experienced, and whose spirit, truthful, just and loving, had been tempered by many vicissitudes—and I would like to have this man, who might serve as the type of our race and our modern civilization, tell us the results of his life—how far his faith held and what he thought of the great questions of human destiny. I should trust such a man's answers as close to real truth. Indeed, I believe it was just such a man that Jesus was in his time, and I believe that the answers which this Christ of our time might make to our questions would not be far different in general from those which Jesus actually gave. I have no doubt of what he would say about the eternal nature of truth and justice. I believe he would have strong and loving faith in God, and I seem to hear him say of the hope of immortality that which would do more good than anything else, viz: "I have faced all the difficulties and felt myself all the doubts, and yet putting these doubts at their most, I gladly and cheerfully and fully believe." Why do you think the ideal man of our time would say this? do you ask. The fact is, whenever we study men in conditions of moral health, they tend to say this. In times of disease and morbid depression, in moods of untruth or selfishness, I am well aware that they tend to doubt. But when we live closest to duty, in our moods of disinterestedness, in the hours too rare, when we stand at our highest and see things most truly, the general rule is, that we hope. The same rule, indeed, holds of the hope of immortality which holds of the other natural sentiments. There is doubtless reason and logic under them all, but when you have discovered the logical basis, you have not yet secured that which makes the *life* of the sentiment. It is a poor love which is not larger and higher than the reasons by which it warrants itself. There is reason underlying our religious faith, but the faith is worthless if it is not more than its reasons; and so, too, hope, though it has its reasons to satisfy the intellect, is more an inspiration—sometimes given of God, sometimes dearly bought by work and suffering—than it is a process of logic.

In other words, the hope of immortality turns out, like everything else that is good in this world, to be more or less costly. Does a man come to you whose principles are low and whose life is selfish, and complain that he sees no evidence for immortality? There is no reason why he should see evidence. Why should he expect to have life in another world who has not learned how to live here? Or how can he possibly appreciate the facts of a divine life who has never spent any efforts to work out such a life? On the contrary, if any one wants to hold hope bright in his heart, in these days when many doubt, there is one certain and natural path. Let him face the way of duty, love and self sacrifice; let his own soul live in the atmosphere where the higher truths belong! In short, let him live in every respect a life of purity and disinterestedness, and such a soul shall have no need to fear about the life to come.

The fact is, the two things, thorough soundness of life and the hope of immortality, as though they belonged together, react on each other. It seems as if God had given us hope as a natural instinct of our higher life. If, then, you unnaturally bar the door against it, your life can hardly be so strong, so sound, or so hopeful. Wherever you see it, the life without this great divine hope in it, is somehow crippled, and however brave it is, it is apt to be too cheerless for the best kinds of effort. But if you let hope have its natural flow, you are sure to be a better helper to your fellows in every respect which makes life sweet.

And, finally, let me say, that the essence of our highest wish for immortality is to do service, or, in other words, that our lives may count for good. If we want to be immortal—that almost awful thought—in order to have our own pleasure long drawn out, that would be a reason little worthy of children of God. But if, because love is good, and truth is majestic, and God's service is beautiful, because we have tasted the richness of the eternal life already here—we can pray God in the name of His kingdom of righteousness and peace, to give us as much more of that life as may please Him, the fact of such a prayer is the surest earnest of its fulfillment.

ANOTHER FIBRE TOWARD UNITY.

The Liberal people in Muckwonago, Wis., have organized a "United Unitarian and Universalist" Society, and have, during the last year, built a beautiful church. Miss Florence Kollock has been preaching there during her vacation this summer; and last week the new church was dedicated. In the dedication exercises one of the preachers closed his sermon with the following words for unity:

"I thoroughly like the name you have chosen for your Church. This 'United Unitarian and Universalist' is better than either denominational name by itself. To be sure both names are broad, —especially in their modern interpretation. 'Universalist' originating in the doctrine of universal salvation in the next world, has broadened until in the mouths of its noblest exponents, it seeks to be as wide as the universal good in this world. 'Unitarian' originating in the doctrine of the unity of God has broadened until in the mouths of its best teachers it means also the unity of all the works of God,—the unity of humanity in our motherhood, the unity of all faith in the one religion of honesty and mercy. Both names are so broad that they seem to be one. And yet the two movements have differed in method. The Universalist movement was a protest

of the heart against the cruelty and harshness of the old theology; the Unitarian movement has been a protest of the head against the errors and narrowness of the old theology. One has largely worked along the line of feeling, and the other along the line of thought. Hence one has worked with greater zeal and closer organization; the other has calmly trusted to ideas rather than organization. Naturally, therefore, one has been also somewhat more conservative than the other. T. Starr King, when asked why Universalism and Unitarianism did not unite, said they were too near of kin to be married. I think rather they are just near enough. They differ enough to make each have its place and work in the household; and yet are like enough to make each work better with help from the other. It is well to join the warm heart and womanly elevation of the one, with the perhaps bolder and more masculine thought of the other. It is a proper marriage, and I am glad you have tried it here, and invited us now to the wedding ceremony. We of both sides gladly give it our blessing. And yet we must add the wedding word of caution. Let each side fully recognize the rights of the other. For henceforth union is the sacred word among you. Nay, it is the best word always. To my mind, the best part of this name of the 'United Unitarian and Universalist' Church, is not the 'Universalist' nor the 'Unitarian,' but the 'United.' Use, then, forbearance and charity, and make this church in reality as in name, a true marriage, whose issue shall be a religion so broad and beautiful, so strong and sweet in spirit, that it shall care little whether it be named Universalist or Unitarian, so that it be the religion of unity and peace."

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

J. LL. J.

—Canada. W. S. Barnes, recently of Woburn, Mass., takes charge of the Unitarian society of Montreal for the next six months.

—Bridgewater, Mass. A. E. Goodenough, of the Meadville class of '78, after a year's successful work at Ayers, takes charge of the society here from date.

—Geneseo, Ills. Bro. Miller is spending his vacation in building him an earthly mansion, a sign that he is a bold, good minister—bold, because he dares take root in the soil; good, because he is allowed to.

—Decatur, Ills. Word comes to UNITY that there are a few Liberals at this point anxious to hear the Liberal gospel preached. A hall is ready for such service, and the way seems open fot a successful movement.

—Alton, Ills., reverses the usual order: the parish are mostly away on vacation, while the pastor does not vacate, but keeps right on with his work. We have a glad word for Bro. Fisher's old friends in Wisconsin and elsewhere in the news that he is in "splendid preaching order."

—Ames, Iowa. This is the seat of the State Agricultural College, a very prosperous institution of 275 students. Mr. Clute gave two discourses in this town on the 10th inst., speaking the forenoon in the Baptist church, in the afternoon in the chapel of the college.

—Eastern-West. A suburban preacher, in the vicinity of Boston, occupied the pulpit at Dover, N. H., the Sunday after the Grove Meeting at Wiers. A local editor went to hear him thinking he hailed from the west, and his next issue recognized him as "a splendid specimen of a Western preacher."

—Vacation. As the brethren settle into the harness, we doubt not that many of them do it with a sigh of relief, for hard as it is to work, it is sometimes harder not to work. A brother well known to the readers of UNITY, sends the confession from his country retreat that he "feels like a summer squash, and is almost anxious to return to work, in order to discover whether he is ever to have another intellectual perception."

—Iowa City. Bro. Clute rivals Douthit in Grove Meeting energy. July 6th he held one at River Junction, ten miles from Iowa City. A special train took two hundred people out to meet the large assembly that awaited them. Two sermons, a picnic dinner and hand-shaking combined to make the occasion enjoyable and profitable. A week later, a similar meeting was held by him at Riverside, twelve miles from Iowa City, with similar results.

—Algona, Iowa, one of the outposts in the northwestern part of the State, contains quite a large Liberal element. Regular services have been held there part of the time during the last year by Rev. Mr. Van Slye, (Universalist.) They have been addressed also by Mr. Effinger, of DesMoines, Hunting, of Davenport, and Prof. Earthman, of Humboldt, during the year. July 20 Oscar Clute, of Iowa City, spoke in the Court House, which was well filled.

—State Conferences. The Liberals of the several Western States are soon to rally for their autumn conferences at the following places (definite dates given in our next): Wisconsin at Kenosha; Illinois at Geneva; Michigan at Grand Haven; Indiana at Evansville; Iowa at Keokuk; Ohio at Springfield. These conferences are of growing importance to our work and of increasing helpfulness to our workers. Let the forthcoming ones lead all the rest.

—Grand Haven, Mich. The Unitarian Society of this place has recently been trying the experiment of one service on Sunday, and that in the morning. The result has been an improvement in the quality of the service and an increase in the number of the congregation. It is written that "there is no probability that these people will ever return to the barbarous custom of having two sermons each Sunday." Let others go and do likewise. The chances are that the result will be the same. One good sermon on Sunday is enough for any one, and two poor ones are too many. Few preachers can offer any other alternative.

—Ashby, Mass. Mr. Shaw, of the First Parish here, is giving his people a series of sermons on "Corner Stones of Character," with Mrs. Wells' Lessons on the same subject in the Sunday-School, and the series of illuminated class cards in the infant class. The Religion of Character ought to be well founded in that Parish. Mr. Shaw is also serving the Liberal Church at Townsend, three and a half miles from Ashby, by giving discourses on the "Affirmations of the Liberal Truth."

—Hamilton, Ills. Miss Mary A. Safford preaches regularly every Sunday in this place to a little circle who choose to come to hear an unordained minister talk to an unorganized congregation, trusting her seed to the spirit that secures "the survival of the fittest," believing that that same spirit will weave for itself its mantle of organization, in the fullness of time. We have need of more of this kind of work in the west, and though it be without name and without a form, it is but the inevitable vagueness that goes with the message of even John the Baptist.

—Fraternal. Mr. Clute, the Unitarian minister, of Iowa City, was recently invited by the officers of the Close Communion Baptist Society, at Ames, to preach in their church and to their congregation. Rev. Mr. Force, Methodist minister, of Grand Haven, Mich., invited Mr. Sample, Unitarian, to occupy his pulpit a few Sundays ago. Mr. Douthit, Unitarian, is soon to join in a basket meeting with the United Brethren. All this would indicate that fellowship in religion is not confined to the non-orthodox side.

—England. Rev. William Sharman, known to many of the readers of UNITY, is now settled over the Unitarian church at Plymouth. The church has recently been thoroughly repaired. E. C. Towne, whose voice has also been heard in our Western fields, has recently settled at Stannington. Eli Fay, another American missionary to the old world, now settled at Sheffield, took part in Mr. Towne's installation. These, with Farrington, at Manchester, Conway, in London, Laird Collier, at Bradford, with doubtless others, constitute a part of America's contribution to the elevation of England.

—Deerfield, Mass. The minister of the First Church says: "I wish with all my heart a new thought would take possession of us, and make us, not an Unitarian church, but a church of the 'Divine Commandments.'" This good thought seems to be working in his church, as the following creed has been circulated through the parish with the request, "Put this Card in your Hymn Book:"

I believe in obeying the Commandments of God,

I believe in purity, fidelity and goodness taught by Jesus Christ.

Accordingly, I must be pure at heart; speak the truth; keep my promises; deal justly with all men.

I must, also, be kind and friendly to all; charitable to the erring; compassionate to the poor; and do right in all things.

In humble dependence upon God, I acknowledge my obligations to him, as his child, and as a follower of Jesus Christ.

—Hobart, Ind. The little church here celebrated the fifth anniversary of its organization just before Mr. Litchfield, their pastor, started for Massachusetts to bring his family. He returns Sept. 21st. Mr. L. is developing apostolic aptitudes. He is to speak, on his return, at Lake Station, Fort Wayne and Knot, Ind. The Sunday School, always an excellent one, is better than ever, and a Parish Library, something every village church ought to have, is started with two hundred volumes, mostly donated, of which the A. U. A. sent forty. About twenty volumes are taken out each Sunday. Here is a tempting chance for persons who believe in the missionary value of good books to donate more.

—Wyoming, Wis.. The grove meeting in Helena Valley, announced in our last, was an unexpected success. Saturday afternoon the meeting was opened by a sermon from Mr. Herbert, followed by a lecture from the editor of UNITY. On Sunday teams arrived from Dodgeville, Arena and Spring Green, some of them fifteen miles distant; one young woman walked seven miles. In all the grove was occupied by some forty teams and three hundred listeners. Wright and Jones preached in the forenoon, Herbert and Simmons in the afternoon. The unique feature of the meeting was the copying after the *Cymanfa* of the Welsh, giving two regular discourses at each session, with extempore remarks thrown in, a practice somewhat dangerous except where there are large appetites, as in this case.

—Salem, Mass. The First Church celebrated their 250th anniversary, August 17th. The programme has a list of the eighteen pastors, the ancient covenant of 1629, and they sang the same psalms as were sung on the first and second centennial anniversaries. The black gown and black kid gloves with finger-tips cut off for the easy handling of leaves of venerable days were omitted. It is to be feared that in the coming centenary celebrations of many of the Liberal Churches of the west, they will be at a loss to know what hymns were sung and what words were said at their inception. In the healthy recoil from ecclesiasticism, we are apt to be guilty of an unhealthy neglect of records. Liberal churches, like other organizations, owe something to the coming historian. Let the records be kept,—if not to guide, then to warn coming generations.

—Charlevoix, Mich., is up in the new country where people are poor and not very thick; but there is a little company there committed to the Religion of Freedom, Fellowship and Character. Kittredge spoke to them August 3rd, and Howland, the modest bishop of Michigan, August 10th and 17th. The friends there think that there are half a dozen places in that latitude where a similar hunger exists, and a Liberal circuit-rider might find a field among them. Sec. Howland sighs for an occasional "Marquette" among the Unitarian ministers. Should any preacher reading this notice feel the "Marquette spirit" rising within him, let him remember that Marquette did not wait until he had four Sundays' preaching engaged and traveling expenses assured; also that he went, not for want of a call to some

easier situation, but because he had a *call* to the work he did. And lastly, let him remember that the circuit-rider of the liberal faith must turn to his field with the zeal of a pioneer, rather than with the stoicism of one who falls back upon it as a last resort.

—Missouri River Valley. Mr. Clute spent a part of his vacation in this missionary field, speaking two Sundays at Hastings, Neb., where the Liberals have a hall and would like to maintain occasional services regularly,—*i. e.*, they want to invest in a fraction of an able man. It is hoped that R. L. Herbert, during his month's sojourn at Kansas City, will be able to visit Lincoln, Neb., Lawrence, Kan., and other points. He lectured before a teachers' institute at Glendale, western Iowa, on the 28th ult. The latest news of C. H. Rickards, of Waterville, Kan., is that he was on the road doing missionary work and getting subscribers to his paper, *The Western Liberal*, devoted to the cause of Liberal Christianity in the southwest. Terms, 50 cents per annum. The paper, the editor and the cause are all young.

"Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises."

It ought to be a "delightful task" to each of the readers of UNITY to send 50 cents to help "rear the tender thought."

—Educational. If any young men or women feel within them the desire to give their lives to the propagation of an untrammeled religion, such as UNITY seeks to stand for, we commend to their consideration the Meadville Theological School, situated at Meadville, Pa. An institution thirty-five years old, open to all phases of thought, and both sexes, with four resident professors. The Academy year opens Sept. 21, A. A. Livermore, President. Parents seeking for a place to school their children in a liberal atmosphere will do well to look to Antioch College, at Yellow Springs, Ohio, where the spirit and power of Horace Mann still effect the methods and the standards of the institution, S. C. Derby, President. In the far west, Humboldt College, at Humboldt, Iowa, under Prof. A. Earthman, undertakes to follow in the same direction, and to do a similar work for the pioneer boys and girls. A home school for a limited number of boys is open at Sheboygan, Wis., by M. G. Kimball, formerly of the *Liberal Ministry*. Still another by Bro. T. H. Eddowes, of Geneva, Ills.

—India. The following extract from a private letter by Mr. Dall, for many years the Unitarian Missionary to India, sent us by an old schoolmate of his, is interesting as coming from one who has, in a striking fashion, realized the larger Unity. He is a member of the Brahmo Somaj, the progressive branch of the Brahminique faith, and at the same time a bearer of the Christian name and spirit. A fellow-laborer with Keshub Chunder Sen, for a spiritualist faith and high morality :

"CALCUTTA, July 8, '79.—*My Dear Friend :* Your valued letter of May 7th reached me in the Himalayas. To the feet of these glories we are now brought by a twenty-hours $7 trip! What a blessed relief from the hottest heat of Calcutta. May, June. For five weeks I preached weekly up there among 200 Bengali young men at Darseeling, English-speaking and thinking, in government service. Think of the Brahmos there, gladly putting at my call the name, '*Jesus our Guide*,' on their banner! and under it bidding me give them the Consecration Sermon of their newly-opened *Mandir*—'Temple of God.' I preached also, on my way home, at three other places, where natives begged me stop one or two days, at Kurseing, at Siligure and at Jalpaigidi. I was, oh so happy; and I came back perfectly hearty." * * * * * DALL.

—Wales. Two years ago a dissipated sprig of aristocracy closed the doors of the venerable Unitarian church, of Llwyn-rhyd-owen, against the pastor and congregation, and refused them. admission to the church yard where lay the sacred ashes of several generations. This unjustifiable act of bigotry raised the indignation of the liberal minds throughout the realm, and the evicted society was enabled, by the generous subscription of sympathizers, to build a new church, which is nearly completed. But his many excesses brought the unfeeling landlord to an untimely grave, and a few weeks ogo the courts set aside his will and restored the estate to his sister, Mrs. Massey, a noble-minded woman. Herself and husband were met by the entire population of the neighborhood, on their return, with the greatest enthusiasm. The road for five miles was illuminated with banners, mottoes and arches. When the procession passed the old meeting house the lady dismounted from the carriage drawn by the glad tenants of the estate, and with her own hands unlocked the door and threw open the church yard gate,—an act that sent a thrill of gratitude and love far beyond the cheering crowd. The editor of these notes offers his grateful thanks on behalf of the family circle to which he belongs for this bit of justice which cheers the heart of the patriarch in whose memory this old church is still green. Here began the religious life of the father and mother that bore us across the seas. The taper we carry was therefore lighted at that altar, now again restored to the worship of the one God and the Fellowship of the Universal Brotherhood.

—Des Plaines, Ills. As we go to press the Methodist camp-meeting at this place, sixteen miles from Chicago, is in full tide of prosperity. Under the kindling lead of Rev. Thomas Harrison, the "boy preacher," of Baltimore, the old-time outpouring of excitement and "*power*" is in a fair way of being realized. He was no sooner on the ground than he announced to the brethren that the "Lord was coming." In his prayer he cried with a loud voice: "O Jesus, I hear the far-off rumbling of the chariot wheels!" "O Lord, I feel that thou art at hand with Thy hosts. Bless us with wave after wave, baptism after baptism, deluge after deluge." Later he said, "God, at Lancaster, Pa., came and put his arms around the meeting, and he will do it here." * * "We are going to leave a mark here that will put hell in consternation and heaven in rapture." He declared his belief in instantaneous conversion. He has known men "converted in the twinkling of an eye." Sometimes converted people "do funny things." He remembered one who "ran a quarter of a mile, shouting at the top of his voice." He boasted that God had permitted

him to put "eleven thousand stars in his Master's crown." "Four thousand young men have come to Christ under my ministry." His passionate earnestness and violent eloquence, changing attitudes and exercises with great rapidity, strikingly affected the large audience. As the result of a few hours' work, the papers report that:—

There was an almost general movement forward, and nearly one hundred fell at the rude altar, weeping and praying for mercy. The scenes of the earlier frontier religious meetings were re-enacted. The shouting was only equaled by the sobbing. Among the mourners, here and there, walked and talked the evangelist, save when he would make an occasional rush back into the audience after some person who appeared to his quick eye to be seriously in thought. It was a peculiar picture—a commingling of crying and shouting women, children and men, beneath an immense sloping canvas tabernacle, with a background of curious faces, little rough cottages and the high trees and flowing river in the distance. Soon "the power" came. A little boy was the first to cry out that he was forgiven. Then was started the old doxology:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

The praying increased; several lifting up their voices at the same time. The sobs grew more and more vehement. A score or so of ministers began to bring forward anxious persons from the audience, and with each new penitent Harrison clapped his hands and shouted long and loud. The interest increased. A young man suddenly sprang from his kneeling posture, and with a ringing shout said: "I'm saved! I'm saved!" The fire evidently spread, and in swift succession, first one then another would begin laughing and speaking in their joyous fervor.

Far as these things are removed from the methods and thought represented by UNITY, there is that in it that teaches us profoundly. Such a revelation of the tides that flow through the human soul at times, leads us to expect great things from humanity, when reason assumes such masterful control of human energy as fear and passion do in this case. Mr. Dudley's article on John Fiske, and the sermon he to-day preaches to the thoughtful "out of the pulpit," which appears in the present number of UNITY, is timely reading after following the news-reports of this camp meeting. Will the God of the universe that so slowly reveals his creative power in the deliberate unfolding of worlds and the slow-forming rocks, rush a living soul into saintly maturity with such spasmodic haste? Is character a mushroom growth, matured in a night? or is it a granite formation developed by the patient process of years? Is religion a spasm of feeling, or is it the painstaking search? the deliberate upreaching of the entire man? We respect the right of these brethren to worship and work in their own way; we have hearty fellowship with them in their earnest sincerity; and, so far as they make the fields of life bloom more tenderly and bear fruit more abundantly, we rejoice in their work. But we cannot but be thoughtful over the above questions.

—Sunday-School Lessons. It is hoped that the next series of Unity S. S. Lesson Papers will begin with the next issue, at which time we will also announce the price of a new series of illuminated infant class cards, which the Western Unitarian S. S. Society has just had published. They are entitled "Corner Stones of Churches," and are made to match Mrs. K. G. Wells' Unity Lessons on the same subject. We have not yet seen them, but they are reported as "very pretty." Meanwhile we hope that all Sunday-School workers will consult "The Tool Chest," a little pamphlet published at UNITY office, with list of available helps, Lesson Papers, &c. It may give them material aid in the reorganization of their schools.

—Friends of UNITY to the front! Among the most cheering "Notes" that have reached us from the "Field" are the many kind and encouraging words we have received from fellow-laborers from all parts of the field. Personally we acknowledge the receipt of a great number of communications we cannot acknowledge in any other way.

Your promised help in the conduct of this department leads us to hope that it may indeed make UNITY a still greater missionary of Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion. We hope to be saved from sinking into mere gossip, and yet keep us all kindly interested in each other's work. But we are most encouraged by the promise received from so many of the brethren to join in the September campaign towards increasing our subscription list. With this number we begin Vol. IV. A good season to begin, and a good beginning for the season. Send for sample copies to Chicago office. The patrons of UNITY are invited to send items to this department, to Jenk. Ll. Jones, Janesville, Wisconsin.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE HISTORICAL POETRY OF THE ANCIENT HEBREWS, translated and critically examined, by MICHAEL HEILPRIN. Vol. I. (New York, D. Appleton & Co.)

Mr. Heilprin, himself an Israelite and a close student of his national language and literature, is no boy-scholar to like a by-way better than a highway of criticism because there are adventures to be had upon it, but a writer more careful to have his investigations than his results original, and one who commends himself by a conscience not to know too much, and by judgments provokingly rounded where the common reader, reading for decisions and dates, would fain have them sharpened. This makes him an ally worth welcoming by any band of Bible-critics. The band with whom he is in sympathy is the most "advanced" Dutch school. His work, therefore, is another sign to show which way Old Testament scholarship is drifting.

No preface, no table of contents, no indext, no chapter-headings even, are allowed his readers; as much as to say, "No loafers wanted here!" But the newspaper-noticers are disabled thus at the expense of honest comers. On opening the book one finds himself facing the sole bit of Bible poetry about the *Antediluvians*, "Lamech's Address to his Wives," (Gen. IV. 23, 24); it is probably the fragment of a Phœnician myth adopted by the Hebrews,—its language and versification "not archaic." Then came Psalm CV, and "Jacob's Blessing," strange to say, the only two Bible poems about the *Patriarchs* whose stories are recorded with so much detail in prose. To these are joined an interesting summary of the ideas of Ewald,

Kuenen, Oort, Graetz, Leinecke, and specially of Bernstein concerning the Patriarchal history. Heilprin's book throughout is largely valuable as a resume of the views of these scholars. Then comes a series of the seven poems, a fragment of poems, about *Moses* and his time; then the four about *Joshua and the Judges*; then the four or five about *Saul and David.* For all beyond King David's time we must wait for volume second. Of each of these poems, or broken couplets, Heilprin gives his own translation, with notes, sets it in its frame of narative, and discusses its probable dates and origin. Dry, but easy reading; detached material for a history of Hebrew poetry, not the history itself. Here are his results for the most notable poems,—"sharpened" a trifle for shortness' sake:

"Jacob's Blessing" (Gen. XLIX.) he puts about 950 B. C., and "Mosses' Blessing" (Deut. XXXIII.), its peaceful counterpart, about 800 B. C. "Moses' Song," (Deut. XXXII.), called "one of the gems of Hebrew literature, if not of the poetry of all nations," but, inconsistently, deferred for Vol II., may perhaps be from the hand of the Deuteronomist himself, about 625 B. C. Of "Miriam's Song," (Ex. XV.), "parts sound very late, others have the ring of great antiquity; several lines allude to the Temple." The ones in the "Balaam" story, (Num. XXII.—XXIV.), were written "when the Hebrew style had attained its perfection, and when the Chaldæans were already threatening at least the land, so not before 650 B. C.; written by a poet-prophet who reflected the bright past in the sketch of a future which might still come to be." "Deborrah's Song," (Jud. V.), "perhaps the most perfect of Hebrew lyrics," betrays some Aramaic words, so it is probably the work of a writer after the captivity, "clothing a subject of ancient love in an antique garb admirably woven." Samson, (Jud. XIII.—XVI.), like the Greek Heracles, finds his prototype in the Tyrian Sun-Baal, Melkart; the story is a personalized form of the Sun-myth. "David's Lament over Saul and Jonathan (2 Sam. I.), is possibly by one who knew and loved the fallen heroes, with insertions by a later writer, or more probably by a man of much later age than theirs, who sang ancient history in the purest strains of a literary generation." Not one of the "Psalms," he thinks, can be ascribed to the King whose bloody, vindictive spirit and licentious court-life, as told in the books of Samuel, seem so far removed from the prevailing spirit of these hymns of the Second Temple. His searching analysis of David's character shows it black enough, but blackened to a still darker hue by the lampoons of enemies and the dynastic necessities of Solomon.

The evidence on which Heilprin and his brother-critics base such opinions as these is wholly "internal;" it is the language, the style, the spirit, the incidental allusions and time-marks, the contradictions with history as elsewhere recorded. To them there is no "external" evidence in the case; for the traditional ascriptions of authorship to "Moses," "David," and the like, are but so many instances of the all-pervading characteristic of "sacred" literature,—to idealize the saints and heroes of the past. It is hardly easy to magnify the disregard due such traditions. But, on the other hand, it is very easy to magnify the constructive evidence and to convert guesses about dates and authorship into dogmatic affirmations. Heilprin's work shows transparently how much guess-work there is in his science. Mark his frequent "probably," or what he says, for instance, of Deborrah's Song and David's Elegy for Jonathan. But, in part, because it *does* show this *transparently*, because Kuenen is as undogmatic in his realm as Darwin is in his, and because Mr. Heilprin, like his leader, has the humility as well as the boldness of science, they, and such as they, are our best present guides in the tangle of early Hebrew literature. W. C. G.

POEMS.

I wish to call attention to a book of poetical selections compiled and published something over a year ago by Giles B. Stebbins, of Detroit, (Boston, Colby & Rich) and now passed to a second edition, entitled "Poems of the Life Beyond and Within." I do not hesitate to call it the best collection of poems upon the general subject of the Immortal Life that I have ever seen. In a general way it is chronological in its arrangement, beginning with selections from the old world Brahminic, Persian and Grecian poets, and coming down through all the Christian ages to our own day. It is also very wide in its scope and range of ideas, not confining itself in any sense to mere imaginary pictures of heaven, but aiming to draw the best from the whole poetic literature of the Spiritual Life—that Life which is Eternal because so deep, and high, and pure, and perfect. To show the wide range and catholicity as well as the high character of its selections, I mention such titles as "God's Presence-Chamber Within," Persian Sufi; "Hymn to Zeus," Cleanthes; "God," Derzhaven; "Dante's Meeting of Beatrice in Paradise; "Intimations of Immortality," Wordsworth; "Abou Ben-Adhem," Leigh Hunt; "To My Mother's Picture," Cowper; "Life Shall Live Forevermore," Tennyson; "Ballad of Babie Christabel," Massey; "The Soul's Prophesy," Emerson· "The Angel-Plan," Gannett; "Over the River," Mrs. N. A. W. Priest; "My Child," Pierpont; "Footsteps of Angels," Longfellow; "Happy He whose Inward Ear," Whittier. If anywhere are utterances of men and women who have looked "beyond the veil," and seen "the light that never was on sea or land," they are certainly to be found, some of the best of them, in this volume.

In this connection I wish to speak also of Mr. Stebbins' other book, "Chapter from the Bible of the Ages," which I see is in its third thousand. This work aims to present in a single, moderate-sized volume, selections, varying in length from a single line to sixteen pages, from the best ethical and religious teachings of all ages and peoples. Adopting the chronological order, it begins with hymns from the Rig Veda, the oldest Sacred Book of the human race, and ends with earnest utterances of Wendell Phillips, Emerson, Frothingham, A. J. Davis, Lucretia Mott, Starr King, and many other of the best reformers and Liberal religious teachers of our time. The range of the book is much wider than that of Conway's "Sacred Anthology," the latter confining itself to the religious literatures of the Orient, while this selects freely from writers of the old "Western world" of Europe and the new Western world of America. Its selections are generally longer than those of Conway's book, or of Mrs. Childs' "Aspirations of the World." For ministers who are in the habit of keeping other books of worship and practical religious teaching lying on their pulpits beside the Bible, for occasional use, to add variety and freshness to their "Scripture Readings" before their congregations, Mr. Stebbins' book will certainly be found useful. And in many homes and private libraries it will be found useful as a widener of religious thought and a promoter of religious charity. Of course nowhere will it do so much good as among orthodox people, where they can be induced to read it. But it will also do

good to destructive radicals, for the spirit of the book is in the main positive and constructive. The quality of the selections is generally good, and there is not much in the book that will not be acceptable to the better class of Liberals of all schools. As a whole the book is not sectarian or narrow. It aims to embrace only such ethical and religious truth as is permanent and universal, and in such form as to link great teachings with great names. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

"SIXTEEN SAVIORS."

Some four or five years ago, Mr. Kersey Graves, of Richmond, Indiana, wrote a book of 380 pages, with the startling title, "The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors; or, Christianity Before Christ," purporting to contain "new, startling, and extraordinary revelations in religious history, which disclose the oriental origin of all the doctrines, principles, precepts and miracles of the Christian New Testament, and furnish a key for unlocking many of its sacred mysteries, besides comprising the History of Sixteen Heathen Crucified Gods." We do not wonder, in an age whose especial delight is "either to tell or to hear some new thing," that the book, with such a title, should have reached a fourth edition; though there is nothing about it, except its title and the amazing claims it sets up, that one would suppose could recommend it to anybody. Mr. Graves' general line of thought is pretty well told by the title of his work; but it will be still better indicated by giving the headings of some of his chapters, which are as follows: "Titles of the Saviors;" "Angels, Shepherds and Magi visit the Infant Saviors;" "The Saviors saved from Destruction in Infancy;" "Resurrection of the Saviors;" "Reappearance and Ascension of the Saviors;" "The Atonement; its Oriental or Heathen Origin;" "The Holy Ghost of Oriental Origin;" "The Trinity very Anciently a Current Heathen Doctrine;" "The Hundred and Forty-Six Striking Analogies between Christ and Chrishna;" "Conversion, Repentance, and 'Getting Religion' of Heathen Origin." To support his claims and prove his points, Mr. Graves quotes "Tom, Dick and Harry," and everybody and everything, utterly regardless of whether his quotations are of any value or not. Indeed, it would be hard to find another writer so entirely devoid of knowledge and judgment as to who are reliable authorities and who are not as Mr. Graves seems to be. Of course, into his *omnium gatherum* he has collected many excellent things, but they are so mixed with other things that are worthless as to be rendered themselves practically worthless. His method is to make a startling assertion, and then, if he can find a quotation or two, from no matter whom, to bolster it up, count his assertion proved beyond controversy. Moreover, he seems to have the most singular incapacity for seeing whether or not his quotations apply to the case in point. The book contains hundreds of quotations that would have no bearing whatever, as proof of what they are cited to prove, even if they were of any value in themselves. And then the literary blunders and inaccuracies of the book are legion. The author does not need to *tell* us that he "never claimed to attain to any eminence in scholarship, having never spent a day in his life in college as a student;" or that he "graduated in a log hut about ten feet high." All this we should now from the book itself. Besides the "Sixteen Crucified Saviors," Mr. Graves is the author of two other works, one entitled "The Biography of Satan," and the other "The Bible of Bibles," both of which seem to be meeting with quite a sale. Each, however, is constructed on the same general plan as the one under present notice, and is about equally worthless with it. Mr. Graves is a Spiritualist, and his books are largely, perhaps mainly, circulated through Spiritualistic channels. But we are glad to see that they are sharply criticised by the more conscientious and scholarly Spiritualist writers. Both Spiritualism and Liberal thought are hurt by such productions.

And now we are treated to a book of 150 pages from John T. Perry, of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, reviewing Mr. Graves' "Saviors." The new work bears the title of "Sixteen Saviors or One? or, the Gospels not Brahminic." Mr. Perry is a rather keen writer, and having pretty carefully noted the literary inaccuracies of his victim, and studied out the unreliable character of his authorities, he handles Mr. Graves severely. We are glad for the review; it will correct many false impressions which Mr. Graves' book leaves; but, better than all, it will go far toward teaching the lesson that this age of ours is seeking for *facts*, in religion as well as everywhere else, and Liberalism no more than Orthodoxy can build structures that will stand on guesses and ignorant assumptions and speculations, much less on misrepresentations. It is to be regretted, however, that Mr. Perry is himself so open to criticism. For instance, he calls James Freeman Clarke's Ten Great Religions a "rigidly orthodox work;" he takes for granted that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, and quotes Genesis as perfectly reliable and authentic history; he denies that the Jews got any of their religious doctrines from the Persians; he claims that monotheism was the original religion of the Eastern world, and that polytheism was a corruption from it; speaks of the so-called Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament as if they were beyond dispute; contends that none but men of "loose doctrines" and "loose lives" discover contradictions, immoralities, false science, or other imperfections in the Bible; cites Archdeacon Hardwick's "Christ and Other Masters" as his (Perry's) first and highest authority as to Oriental religions, seemingly unaware that that book was written as a special plea, by an English churchman who was not an Oriental scholar at all, and more than twenty years ago, or before the works of Mueller, Muir, Legge, Plath, Tiele, Haug, and their class, who are our real authorities, came into existence. Indeed, he gives every evidence of having no acquaintance with the latest and best Biblical and Oriental scholarship. Not only does he show himself not to be a scholar in these directions himself, but he makes it plain in numberless ways that he does not know who the scholars are, and has read none of their works. A keen mind and a ready writer, he has been able by his own general intelligence and a little special reading up or "cramming" for the task, to show up his exceedingly vulnerable opponent in an uncomfortable fashion; that is, as either very dishonest or very ignorant. But every one who is at all acquainted with the subjects which he discusses, is able to see at once that while his general scholarship is greatly superior to that of Mr. Graves, and while his literary conscientiousness seems to be greater, he really knows less about the subjects in hand than does his antagonist. There is a rich mine in the general direction in which Mr. Graves has been working in all three of his books; and when a writer appears with sufficient scholarship, intellectual grasp, spiritual insight and literary skill to give us a book worthy of the subject, it will be a great boon.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

SCRIPTURES, OLD AND NEW.

COMPILED BY F. L. H.

HUMILITY.

And to some who trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others, he spake this parable:

Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed by himself thus: O God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I gain. But the publican, standing afar off, would not even lift up his eyes unto heaven, but smote his breast, saying, O God, be merciful to me a sinner! I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other; for every one that exalteth himself will be humbled, and he that humbleth himself will be exalted.

At that time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said: Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. —*Jesus.*

For consider, brethren, who ye are that have been called; not many wise men after the fashion of this world, not many mighty, not many noble; but the foolish things of the world did God choose, to put to shame the wise; and the weak things of the world did God choose, to put to shame the things that are strong; and the mean things of the world, and the things which are despised, did God choose, the things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh might glory before God. —*Paul.*

Thus saith the high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite.

—*The "Unknown" Isaiah,* (*6th century B. C.*)

He putteth himself last, and yet is first; abandoneth himself, and yet is preserved. Is this not through his having no selfishness? He is not self-displaying, and therefore he shines. He is not self-commending, and therefore he is distinguished. He is not self-praising, and therefore he hath merit. He is not self-exalting, and therefore he standeth high; and inasmuch as he doth not strive, no one in all the world striveth with him. That ancient saying, 'He that humbleth himself shall be preserved entire,'—oh, it is no vain utterance.

Lao-Tse, (*Chinese, about* 600 *B. C.*)

If a man say, 'I am humble,' this is no humility.

—*Vemana,* (*Hindu,* 12*th century A. C.?*)

Two went to pray? Oh! rather say,
One went to brag, the other to pray.

One stands up close, and treads on high,
Where the other dares not lend his eye.

One nearer to God's altar trod;
The other to the altar's God.

—*Richard Crashaw,* (*d.* 1650.)

Before honor is humility.—*Hebrew Proverbs.*

My son, go on with thy business in meekness: the greater thou art, the more humble thyself, and thou shalt find favor with the Lord. Many are in high place and of renown; but mysteries are revealed unto the lowly. —*Ecclesiasticus,* (*2nd century B. C.*)

'Tis the old secret of the gods that they come in low disguises. 'Tis the vulgar great who come dizened with gold and jewels. Real kings hide away their crowns in their wardrobes, and affect a plain and poor exterior. In the Norse legend of our ancestors, Odin dwells in a fisher's hut, and patches a boat. In the Hindoo legends, Hari dwells a peasant among peasants. In the Greek legend, Apollo lodges with the shepherds of Admetus; and Jove liked to rusticate among the poor Ethiopians. * * * In the Christian graces, humility stands highest of all, in the form of the Madonna; and in life, this is the secret of the wise. We owe to genius always the same debt, of lifting the curtain from the common, and showing us that divinities are sitting disguised in the seeming gang of gypsies and pedlers. In daily life, what distinguishes the master is the using those materials he has, instead of looking about for what are more renowned, or what others have used well. 'A general,' said Bonaparte, 'always has troops enough, if he only knows how to employ those he has, and bivouacs with them.' Do not refuse the employment which the hour brings you, for one more ambitious. The highest heaven of wisdom is alike near from every point, and thou must find it, if at all, by methods native to thyself alone.—*Emerson.*

I think we cannot but see the beauty of a humility like this if it once becomes the ruling power of a changed man's life, this humility born of the sight of a man's possible self. It has in it all that is good in the best self-respect. The only salvation from an admiration of our own present condition, which is pride, is to be found in a profound respect for the best possibility and plan of our being, which involves humility. * * * In some stillness of the night when a better nature is called out by God, and a man whom he recognizes as himself and yet who shames the self that lived his yesterday, stands visible before him,—then he is humbled.

There is nothing more strange and at the same time more truthful about Christianity, than its combination of humiliation and exaltation for the soul of man. The same faith has built the cathedral spires that pierced the very skies with their triumphant hope, and it has hollowed the hermit's caves under the ground, as if men could not hide their sinfulness too deep out of the sight of daylight and of God.

If I could choose a young man's companions, some should be weaker than himself, that he might learn patience and charity; many should be as nearly as possible his equals, that he might have the full freedom of friendship; but most should be stronger than he, that he might forever be thinking humbly of himself and be tempted to higher things.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

Primislaus, the first king of Bohemia, kept his country shoes always by him, to remember from whence he was raised; and Agathocles by the furniture of his table confessed that from a potter he was raised to be the king of Sicily.

Secure a good name to thyself by living virtuously and humbly, but let this good name be nursed abroad, and never be brought home to look upon it. Let thy face, like Moses', shine to others, but make no looking-glasses for thyself. —*Jeremy Taylor,* (1613—1667.)

SUNDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

J. LL. J.

IV. CLASSIFICATION.

1. *Ideal.*—Small groups. But few teachers can successfully engage in conversation more than six pupils at a time. Each member of such a class will come into direct contact with the teacher, an absence will be noticed, and the sick will be visited. Two or three absent from a class of a dozen will hardly be noticed, if at all, it may be with a sense of relief. The same number from a class of six would be a cause of concern that would lead to investigation. Theoretically boys and girls should mingle in the classes as they do in life. Only two large classes should be found in this ideal school—the adult conversational class, led by the wisest man or woman in the parish, the larger the better, and the infant class, which contains all the little ones who can't read, brooded by the most motherly soul available, assisted by one or two misses who can sing well. The minister should be supernumerary, free to look in on all classes and help all around.

2. *Practically* —Serious mistakes are often made in attempting to realize this ideal classification. Practically, better have a class of twelve, with an efficient teacher, than two classes of six with one incompetent teacher. Good teachers will have large classes, and inferior ones will have small classes. It is scarcely wise to attempt uniformity of size in defiance to this law. Where there is no separate apartment for the infant class, we should beware of massing the babies. Better have several groups distributed in different parts of the room. The live minister, in most of our western parishes at least, finds himself necessitated to have a regular class, and it is hoped that he allows many other things to go by default before he neglects this prime field of usefulness.

3. *Still another way.*—Where teachers are few and distrustful of their ability, and where teachers' meetings are not held, but where there is a minister or superintendent who is alive, believes in the work, likes children and can interest them, is it not possible to radically change the form of the Sunday School and still preserve its essence? by making the minimum of the class and the maximum of the general lesson. Let the burden of instruction be given to the school entire. A judicious use of blackboards, maps, and objects will enable such an one, we are sure, to successfully hold the attention of the younger and profitably interest the older ones. Twenty minutes given to a sermon simplified, intensified, made most familiar and direct and ten minutes given to the class groups, when the teacher can superintend the selection of library books, collections, registering, and other domestic interests. We believe this plan must yet be resorted to, in many cases, before the Sunday School standards can be raised.

Who will furnish "UNITY" with a well-wrought series of abstracts, skeleton talks, for general lesson, suitable for such an experiment? Is it not worth thinking about?

V. TEACHING.

Assuming that the first condition of successful teaching is to have something to teach, that the teacher comes to the class prepared, with a lesson in mind, it is still a perplexing problem how to impart it. A failure to recognize this problem is the best evidence of an incompetent teacher. It is a poor teacher that is never troubled with a sense of inefficiency, It may be helpful to enumerate a few difficulties in teaching a Sunday School class, dropping, as we go, some hints toward the solution.

1. *How to secure attention* (*a*). A prime rule is to do nothing without it. It is useless to talk when there is no one listening. A minute spent in silence by the teacher, waiting for the end of the whispered story, may give her nine minutes quiet attention, whereas without it she might have floundered through ten minutes of distracted talk. This rule should be quietly but strictly observed throughout all the exercises of the school. It is not profitable to have more than one talking at a time. If the superintendent has insisted on this all through the preliminary exercises, waited until the smallest boy has found his place, before beginning the reading—does not begin the song or the prayer until the girl has ceased gossipping with her neighbor, and the young gent has abandoned his little flirtation—he has not only made the exercises impressive, but has also secured a quiet, devotional spirit among the pupils, which is the best help to the teacher in her effort to secure attention. (*b*). Starting with attention, try to hold it by actively engaging the mind of the pupil. Strive for dialogue rather than monologue. Let the questions be of such a character as to reveal to the child—first, what he already knows; second, what he does not know; and, lastly, to pique his curiosity, arouse a desire to know.

2. *How to win the confidence of the child.*—If the general answer, "Be worthy the confidence of the child," is simply begging the question, or perhaps sounds too preachy, let us search for a more definite answer. (*a*). Give him yours. Don't be afraid of exposing your ignorance. Be frank enough to tell your class you "don't know." Be willing to give up hard questions. Make no pretensions beyond your attainments if you would win the confidence of the child. (*b*). Accept the confidence of the pupil. Do not be over-anxious to economize the time, particularly with younger classes; indulge in pleasant bits of digression, if the children lead the way. You may well postpone the lesson about the lions that Daniel visited, if the boys are willing to tell you about the lions they visited at the show. The chances are, a lesson can be found equally good, and you have secured their confidence. (*c*). Study your pupils as much as your lesson. Sunday School teaching is a system of fair exchanges. The boys will teach you quite as many things as you can teach them if you are a good teacher. Acquaint yourself with their home life. Share with them their fun and their troubles. The point you brought to the class you probably will state in the first five minutes as clearly as lies within your power. The next ten or fifteen minutes you may profitably drift into by-paths, if you dextrously lead the conversation back again to your first lesson for a reiteration at the close. Find helpful hints in Henry Giles' "Illustrations of Genius," Essay, Conversation and first paper in William Mathews' "Great Conversers."

3. *How to fix the lesson in the memory.*—Perhaps the average teacher is too solicitous about this. The best of Sunday School instruction is not retained but appropriated. It is remembered as the June rose remembers the April sunshine. But it is desirable to impart information that will remain as information. To this end, teach (*a*) as Jesus taught, by parable, illustration, picture, story. (*b*). Avoid abstractions. Teach concretely, so that the mind can pigeon-hole the information. Do not quote from "a great living poet," but from "Tennyson," "Longfellow," or "Lowell." Do not speak of the "great Italian," but of "Dante" or "Angelo," as the case may be. (*c*). Give the pupil a few great principles, rather than many details. The child may remember the names of the five leading cities of America, but if you give them fifty, New York and Topeka, Philadelphia and St. Paul sink together in the mist of forgetfulness. (*d*). The child hoards most surely the gold of his own digging. Give the children as much to do as possible. Tell the child the story of Luther, and a week hence he confounds him probably with Cromwell; but send the child in search of Luther, and let him bring to the class the information found in cyclopedias by himself, and Luther will be an intelligent word for him evermore.

4. *How to teach so as to secure growth.*—Avoid the laborious methods of too much of our day-school work. Don't try to be exhaustive in your teaching, and become exhausting instead. Remember that the child is an acquisitive animal. Give him a taste of good things and he will seek more. Aim to leave an impression on the minds of the pupils that your teachings relate themselves to large questions not easily or quickly solved. Show how opinions change. Give both sides. Better put an interrogation point in the mind of the child than a period, only so the interrogation point be related to conscience. Let the duty of inquiry, the religiousness of growth, be implied in every discussion. Let reverence hallow your doubts as well as your affirmations. Let your denials be in the name of God as well as your assertions.

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